



T H E
U N G R A T E F U L F A I R.

T H E noble City of *Valencia*, Capital of the Kingdom of the same Name, gave Birth to *Gerarda*, Sister to the Marquis of *Guadalest*, and the most celebrated Beauty of her Time. As such she had many Admirers among the prime Nobility; but the Person that most signaliz'd himself in that amorous Enterprize, was *Don Vincent*, Marquis of *Albaida*, who being Master of a most plentiful Fortune, exceeded all others in Gallantry upon all publick Occasions; so that his Competitors, being unable to cope with him, and finding he had some Encouragement from *Gerarda*, desisted from their Courtship, leaving the Marquis alone to gain her Favour, which was to him the greatest Satisfaction imaginable; and thereupon he grew so proud

and conceited, that he was hated by most Men, and not well lik'd by the Marquis of *Guadalest*, tho' he thought him a good Match for his Sister.

However, the Marquis *de Albaida* was not long without a Rival; for a Picture of *Gerarda* happening to be carry'd into *Catalonia*, and there seen by *Don Garcera de Moncada*, Marshal of that Kingdom, he took such a liking to the Lady, that he immediately resolv'd to set out for *Valencia*, to court and endeavour to gain her. The Marshal was very rich, being just come to a great Estate left him by his Father. Accordingly he furnish'd a most magnificent Equipage, with the most costly Furniture, a Friend of his having hir'd a stately House for him at *Valencia*. There he was visited by all the prime Men of the City, who were much taken with his Mein and courteous Behaviour. The Marquis *de Guadalest* contracted much Friendship with him, which was as good a Beginning as he could desire, as believing that a considerable Step towards the gaining of his Sister. The Marshal soon began to discover his amorous Design, to the no small Mortification of the Marquis *de Albaida*, who could not bear with any Competitor; tho' at the same time, the Conceit he had of himself, and the Countenance *Gerarda* gave him, made him despise
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all others. Several Entertainments of Musick and other Diversions were given by the Marquis and the Marshal, wherein the latter always out-shin'd his Rival, as being the wealthiest and the most generous of the two, which touch'd him to the Quick, and yet whatsoever Attempts he made, he could not come up to the Marshal's Magnificence. All his Comfort was, that the Lady seem'd to favour him ; whereas the *Catalonian*, notwithstanding all his Endeavours, could not gain the least upon her ; whilst the Marquis and *Gerarda* held a constant Correspondence of *Billet-doux*, unknown to any but one of her Women, and one of his Servants, which if he could have been sensible of, would have been a mortal Stroke to the Marshal, who spar'd no Cost to bribe her Servants ; but they finding her averse, never dar'd to advance any thing in favour of the Marshal.

The Marquis of *Guadalest* could have wish'd that the Marquis of *Albaida* had desisted from his Courtship, that the Stage might remain clear for the Marshal ; and he was concern'd that he had made no Overtures to him of marrying his Sister, whence he concluded that the Fault must be on his Sister's side, tho' she carried all things so privately, that no Judgment could be made of what she thought, by her Behaviour. The Marquis there-

therefore, still hoping that she might be indifferent to either Lover, and being himself inclin'd to favour the Marshal, on Account of the Friendship contracted between them, resolv'd to sound her Intentions, proposing it to her to dispose of herself in Matrimony, and accordingly being left alone with her one Day after Dinner, he open'd his Mind to this effect.

‘ Dear Sister, our Father, who is I hope in
 ‘ Bliss, having left me not only Heir to his
 ‘ Estate, but under an Obligation to perform
 ‘ all that was incumbent on him, it is my
 ‘ Duty to provide for you before I dispose of
 ‘ myself ; and having therefore consider’d
 ‘ that no Man can be a fitter Husband for
 ‘ you than the Marshal of *Catalonia* ; I pro-
 ‘ pose him to you. His Quality is well
 ‘ known ; his Estate is great ; as for his Per-
 ‘ son, you see none more graceful ; in Wit
 ‘ few come near him ; for his Conditions he
 ‘ is affable and courteous ; all which Quali-
 ‘ fications render him worthy the Favour of
 ‘ the greatest Lady, who may think herself
 ‘ happy in him. You very well know how
 ‘ much I am his Friend, and it is for the Ad-
 ‘ vantage of our Family to be ally’d to his ;
 ‘ I have told you what I think is proper for
 ‘ us ; we are by ourselves, now let me know
 ‘ your Mind.

Gerarda

Gerarda had given great Attention to her Brother's Words, and could have wish'd he had spoke in favour of the Marquis, being much concerned to find him so well affected to the Marshal; but being unwilling to discover her Affection, she put him off with this fly Answer.

‘ I am very sensible, dear Brother, that
 ‘ what you propose, is with a Design to settle me in the World to my best Advantage,
 ‘ and to provide for my Satisfaction. As to
 ‘ the first part of what you mention, if it
 ‘ be no hindrance to your disposing of yourself, I could willingly wait a Year or two
 ‘ longer, if you thought fit, considering how
 ‘ young I am; for tho’ I am satisfied you
 ‘ will never go about to match me below my
 ‘ Quality, or to my Dissatisfaction, I am as
 ‘ yet unwilling to bring myself into sub-
 ‘ jection to the Will of another, when I may
 ‘ yet without Prejudice be my own Mistress
 ‘ some time longer. Give me leave therefore
 ‘ to repeat it, that if it be no Obstacle to
 ‘ your marrying, which it cannot be, as being lawful, I had rather see you married
 ‘ first, that I may express how sensible I am
 ‘ of my Obligations to you, by the Respect
 ‘ I shall pay to the Lady you shall think fit
 ‘ to bestow yourself on. Besides, it will not
 ‘ be proper for us to make the Overture to
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‘ the Marshal, since he has not propos’d it to
 ‘ you, as of right ought to have been done;
 ‘ for I am not so despicable as to be obliged
 ‘ to court an Husband. I am sensible of that
 ‘ Gentleman’s courtly Behaviour, which is
 ‘ all levell’d at me; but there is another that
 ‘ vyes with him, and I desire this Respite to
 ‘ be able to judge which of the two Competitors
 ‘ best deserve me. Let me therefore
 ‘ intreat you to allow me leisure to make this
 ‘ Judgment before I return a positive Answer.

The Marquis comply’d with his Sister’s Request, tho’ he could not but suspect, by her last Words, that she was well affected towards the Marquis *de Albaida*. This made him the more attentive to observe the Proceedings of the two Rivals, and the Reception they met with. *Gerarda* acquainted her favourite Marquis with what had pass’d between her Brother and herself, whereupon he conceiv’d such mortal Hatred against the Marshal, that he only waited an Opportunity to shew the Effects of his Resentment.

The Marquis *de Albaida* understanding that his Mistress would not admit of a Serenade, bespoke all the best Vocal and Instrumental Musick that the City of *Valencia* could afford. When the appointed Night came, the Street was throng’d with People, and the Windows
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full of Ladies, not a little envious of the Honour done to *Gerarda*. The Musicians perform'd their Parts to the great Satisfaction of all the Hearers; but above all *Gerarda* was not a little proud to see herself made the Subject of the Entertainment of that great City. The Marshal was present among the rest at this Entertainment, with some regret for having been prevented in that Piece of Courtship; and resolving not to be out-done, would not make use of the Musicians of *Valencia*; but at a great Expence procur'd a full Set of Musick from the Court of *Spain*, consisting of the ablest Masters in the Kingdom, making all other Preparations during the time that they were coming. Publick Notice was given what Night the Serenade was to be perform'd, and the Resort to it was rather greater than to the former, something extraordinary being expected, as well there might from such costly Preparations. *Gerarda* would willingly have been absent, on pretence of some Indisposition, but her Brother compell'd her to appear in the Balcony, as she had done for the Marquis. At the appointed Hour four Triumphal Chariots set out from the Marshal's House, most richly adorn'd and illuminated with a Multitude of Wax Flambeaux. In the first were Trumpets and Hautboys; in the second, the Waits; in

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the third, all other sorts of Musical Instruments; and the last, being like a stately Pavilion, drawn by Milk-white Horses, was fill'd with the best Voices in *Spain*. The Chariots of Instrumental Musick first play'd their Parts as they pass'd along, and then the last of them joining with the Vocal, they both together made a most ravishing Harmony, to the inexpressible Satisfaction of all that partook of it; only the Marquis of *Albaida*, who was also present with four Russians he entertain'd to guard him in his Debauches, could not take any Satisfaction in that delightful Consort; but seeing himself so far out-done, and that *Gerarda* was in her Balcony, Envy and a jealous Rage so far prevail'd above all Sense of Humanity, that observing the Marshal, who sat in the last of the four Triumphal Chariots with four of his Friends, he commanded one of his afore-said wicked Followers to fire a Pistol at him, loaded with a Brace of Bullets. The Varlet at the first Word, obey'd his Master's Command; but the Marshal having by good Fortune been aware of his Adversary, by a small Motion of his Body escap'd the Danger, the Balls lighting on a Musician that sat near him. He knowing from whence the Mischief came, and that it had been design'd against himself, immediately leap'd out of
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the Chariot, with his Sword drawn, and making at the Marquis, who was also drawn, in his Fury at the first Pass stuck him thro' the Heart, so that he dropp'd down dead upon the Spot: Seeing him fall, with the Assistance of his Friends, he soon drove away the Servants; but in a Moment all the Street was in an Uproar. The Officers of Justice came swarming in an instant, and the Marshal to avoid falling into their Hands, slipp'd away among the Croud. Most of those that had been present were convinc'd that the Marquis had been the Occasion of his own Death, and so it was publickly declar'd; but being ally'd to many Persons of Note in the City, all his Relations made it their Business to have the Marshal secur'd, whilst he provided for his own Safety, taking Sanctuary that Night in a Monastery of Fryars, where he continued very restless to think that he could never again appear in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, and would not be safe in *Catalonia*. Before the next Morning he was visited by the Marquis of *Guadalest* and other Friends, who all advis'd him to make the best of his way by Sea to *Barcelona*. He took his leave of them, and with only two Servants went aboard a Brigantine, and immediately weigh'd anchor and hoisted sail, to the great Grief of

of the noble *Catalonian*, for the Loss of his much admir'd *Gerarda*.

We must leave him upon the Sea for awhile to return to *Valencia*, which was all in an Uproar on account of what has been mention'd; the Marshal being every where sought after, as well by the proper Officers of Justice, as by the Marquis *de Albaida's* Relations. To prevent all Disorders, the Vice Roy confin'd all the Marquis's Kindred to their Houses, for fear lest there should be any Scuffles between them and the Marshal's Friends. The Marquis of *Guadalest* behav'd himself very discreetly, not espousing his Friend's Quarrel, tho' he had favour'd him before, but rather pretended to be disgusted with him, saying, He was much concern'd that his Sister should be so courted; but that having conniv'd 'at the Marquis *de Albaida's* Serenade, he could not in justice have oppos'd the other.

This may suffice as to both Parties in general; to come to the beautiful *Gerarda*, she was so highly concern'd at the Marquis's Death, that all her Art could not conceal her Sorrow; which her Brother easily perceiv'd, who blam'd her for not having acquainted him sooner with her Affection, that Means might have been us'd to know the Marquis's Intention. Yet at the same time he blam'd
him,

him, as he had done the Marshal before, for not having been more forward in proposing to take her to Wife, and was apt to believe he had forbore to do it out of his vain Temper, as expecting that the Lady should be offer'd to him. In short, *Gerarda* was continually weeping when alone, and always melancholy in Company. All her Friends observ'd it, and knew the Occasion. Many Months pass'd away in this manner, during which, the least Smile was never seen upon her Face ; but she often gave her Brother some Hints as if she were desirous to become a Nun. Many Brothers would have taken her at her first Word, to possess themselves of her Fortune, which was very considerable ; but the Marquis was so good that he would not hear of her taking that Course of Life upon a Disgust, wishing rather that it might wear off and she marry. Some Offers were made to her ; but being under this Affliction, she would hearken to none, which gave her Brother some Uneasiness, being desirous to dispose of her before he enter'd himself upon the State of Matrimony. Whensoever the Marshal happen'd to be mention'd in *Gerarda's* hearing, she spoke so maliciously of him as sufficiently testified the Hatred she bore him ; and she once told some of her more familiar Friends, that she had never wish'd

wish'd to have been a Man till then, that she might find out the Marshal and kill him; which those Ladies were far from approving of, seeing her Prejudice run so high, when all unbiass'd Persons were fully satisfied that the Marquis had sufficiently provok'd the Marshal to do what he did. We will leave her to her Sullenness, and return to the Marshal.

He had been two Days out at Sea, when the Sailor that look'd out gave notice that he perceiv'd three Galliot, and believ'd them to be *Moors*, at about three Leagues distance. Nor was he deceiv'd, for it was not long before they came up with the Brigantine, commanding them to strike. There was no Possibility of making any Defence against so superior a Power, so that they immediately lower'd their Sails, much against the Marshal's Inclination, whose Valour prompted him to attempt what was not feasible. The Infidels enter'd, seizing all they found, and conveying the Men into their own Ships, and among them the Marshal, who was ready to die with Vexation. *Haly Rustan*, then a noted Pyrate, commanded these three Galliot. The Captives being brought before him, he examin'd every one of them, as to his Quality. The Marshal said he was a Soldier of Fortune, for fear of raising his Ransom, had he

he confess'd himself to be a Person of such Distinction. Having secur'd them all, the Rovers cruiz'd along the Coast of *Valencia*; and when having taken some other Prizes, made the best of their way home again to *Algiers*, where they came to an Anchor, after they had been a Month abroad. There they landed all their Booty; a considerable Part whereof consisted in above 200 Captives, whom they expos'd to sale the next Day in the Market-place, and among them the Marshal, whom they had stripp'd of his Clothes, and in lieu thereof given him a blew Wastecoat, Linnen Breeches, a red Cap, and a loose Garment in the nature of a *Scotch Plad* to throw about him. In this Habit our noble *Catalonian* was expos'd to sale, dismally reflecting on the wretched Condition his ill Fate had brought him to. Several rich Citizens of *Algier* came to purchase Slaves, many of them making very considerable Returns of their Money, when they happen to be ransom'd. Among the rest of the Buyers was *Muley Oslun*, a rich Man, Cousin-German to the King of *Algier*, who had a great number of Christian Slaves in four Baths, so they call the Places where they shut them up at Night. He fixing his Eyes on the Marshal, who went by the Name of *William*, which he had taken to avoid being known, lik'd him,

him, and gave *Haly Rustan's* Factor an Hundred Pieces of Eight for him. By the way home he said to him in broken *Spanish* ;
 ' Now, Christian, you are mine ; follow me,
 ' and be thankful that you have been so fortunate as to meet with so good a Master. The Marshal, whom we must now call *William*, made his Obedience, saying, ' I have
 ' always been so unfortunate, that this will be
 ' my first lucky Adventure : I am well pleas'd
 ' to be your Servant, and shall always endeavour to oblige you.' Thus he follow'd him home altogether disconsolate, as not knowing how to get ransom'd without discovering himself.

Muley liv'd very near the King's Palace, as being his Relation. The House was large, and as soon as come to it, the *Moor* call'd his Daughter, being the only Child he had by six Wives, and being himself old, thought no more of marrying, living with that Daughter, who had twelve Christian Women Slaves to wait on her. *Zelidora*, so the young Lady was call'd, coming out at her Father's Command, he said to her, ' Dear Child, I
 ' have just now bought this Slave, and by his
 ' Mien guess him to be well born, tho' he
 ' will not own it. He says, he is a Soldier of
 ' Fortune that was returning to *Barcelona*,
 ' where he was born, the Christian Princes
 ' being at Peace, so that he wanted Employment.

‘ment.’ This was what the Marshal had told his Master as they were going home from the Market. *Zelidora* fixed her Eyes on *William*, as we must call him hereafter, and was so taken with him, that her Affection still increasing, it became a great Affliction to the unfortunate Gentleman. She asked his Name; he answered it was *William*, and that he was a native of *Catalonia*. Next she enquired, whether he was marry’d, and had any Estate in his Country. To the first he said, he was a Batchelor, as was true; but to the second, he dealt not so ingenuously, saying, he had already told her Father, that he was a poor Soldier, born of honest Parents, who having many Sons, had sent some of them into the Army, and others to the University; but that for his Part he had taken to the martial Profession, in hopes of advancing himself. The more they talk’d, the more *Zelidora* gaz’d at *William*, and gazing began to love; so that to have him within her reach, she desired her Father to employ him to look to the Garden, his Predecessor there being lately dead. *Muley Osmin* granted her Request, which was some advantage to *William*, in that he was not put to the Oar, or other hard Labour, as most Slaves were.

Accordingly *William* was appointed to be Gardener, which was no small satisfaction to *Zelidora*, for that she should have an opportunity to talk to her Slave when she thought fittest, which she could easily do, as speaking *Spanish* to great Perfection, having been taught it by some of her Women Slaves. *William* had a little Chamber assigned him in the Garden, where the necessary Utensils for it were kept, and he had a poor Bed, such as a Slave could expect. There, being instructed by another *Andalusian* Slave, appointed for that purpose, he began to dress the Garden, endeavouring to please his Master and Mistress, in order to gain their favour. *Zelidora* had acquainted her Women Slaves, how she had a new Gardener, called *William*, highly commending him, which made them long to be acquainted with him, and particularly one of them that was a *Catalonian*, born in *Barcelona*, who had been taken going over to *Naples*. She intreated *Zelidora* to go down in the Evening into the Garden, who easily complied, being herself very earnest to see her Gardener. After Dinner they all went down, and found *William*, with his *Andalusian* Companion, whose Name was *Laurence*, trimming a Bank of Southernwood, cut in the shape of an Heart with a Cypher in the middle, and Emblems round about,

about, the Cypher containing the Name of *Gerarda*, which he had performed so artificially, having learnt to Draw, that his Companion was amazed at it, not being able to do any thing like it, tho' he had been above two Years at that work. *Zelidora* and her Women drew near so gently among the Boughs and Hedges that they were not discovered, and then stood to observe what the Gardeners were about. The *Catalonian* female Slave, fixing her Eyes on *William*, immediately knew him to be the Marshal of *Catalonia*, and was not a little grieved to see him reduced to so mean a Condition; but, because it might do him a Prejudice, resolved not to take Notice that she knew him. Yet she had a reserve in this Particular, feeling a more than ordinary Inclination for him in her Heart, tho' she then concealed it. *Zelidora* designing to shew herself, made some Noise among the Boughs, whereupon the Gardeners looked about, to see who was in the Garden, and having 'spy'd her, advanced to meet her, with all the submission and respect that is due from Slaves to their Owners, which is to be strictly observed, otherwise they will be severely punished, as haughty and unmannerly. *Zelidora* spoke first, in *Spanish*, and said, ' I am glad, *William*, to see you are so diligent, for the

‘ Servant’s care gains the affection of the
 ‘ Master. By your Dexterity, I am inclined
 ‘ to believe, that you have been employed
 ‘ in this sort of Work before now. Tell me
 ‘ the truth.’ ‘ Madam, replied *William*, my
 ‘ Thoughts never stooped so low as this sort
 ‘ of Work, for I always aspired to things
 ‘ of an higher Nature; but in my tender
 ‘ Years I learnt to Draw, in order to pro-
 ‘ ceed to Painting, and now it stands me in
 ‘ stead, as being proper for a Gardener, and
 ‘ I have made use of my Skill in order to
 ‘ please you.’ What are you cutting out
 ‘ there, said *Zelidora*?’ The first thing that
 ‘ come into my Head, answered *William*.
 ‘ Not so, replied *Zelidora*, for I observe you
 ‘ have taken much Pains to embellish that
 ‘ Heart with Emblems, whence I conclude
 ‘ you had a Mistress in your own Country,
 ‘ and still your Mind runs on her; for doubt-
 ‘ less that Cypher in the middle, which I do
 ‘ not understand, is the Lady’s Name, which
 ‘ you preserve there to refresh your Memory.’
 ‘ Madam, said *William*, you do me wrong, for I
 ‘ have no Mistress in *Spain*, nor is it proper
 ‘ for a Soldier to engage his Heart, since he is
 ‘ obliged to quit the beloved Object whensoever
 ‘ the Drum beats. That Heart denotes my
 ‘ own, and those Emblems about it are the
 ‘ thoughts of the Happiness I lost in being
 ‘ deprived

'deprived of my Liberty.' And what means
 'that Cypher in the midst of it, rejoined *Zelidora*.' That is no Cypher, answered again
 'William, but a Knot by way of Ornament.'
 'I cannot believe that, said the *Moorish*
 'Lady, for I have seen that Character before,
 'in the Writings of Christians. Is it not so
 'Constance? added she, turning to the *Catalonian* female Slave, who bore that Name.'
 'It is, Madam, replied *Constance*, that Letter
 'is a G, and is the first in some Name to
 'whom that Heart is dedicated; and if all
 'the Plot were finished with the Cypher, I
 'could guess at the Name; for I have some
 'skill in Cyphers, which are used in embroidery.' *Zelidora* then looked upon her
 Gardener, and observed that he was out of
 Countenance at what *Constance* had said;
 which made her conclude it had touched
 him to the quick. This gave her some Uneasiness, as imagining that he had left
 some Mistress in *Spain*, if not a Wife, and
 she wished he had been free from any such
 Engagement, that she might have him to her
 self. However, she would not at that time
 examine any farther into the Matter,
 but walked about the Garden, attended
 by the Men and Women Slaves, much delighted with *William's* Discourse, asking
 him many Questions concerning his Country,
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try, and pleas'd with his Answers, which still added Fuel to the Love that was already kindled in her Breast. Towards Night she withdrew into her Apartment, where discoursing with her Women Slaves, she again much extolled *William*, which not a little gauled *Constance*, who having a Kindness for him herself, did not approve of *Zelidora's* Commendations. Whereupon she resolved to contrive to meet him alone, to endeavour to gain his love. *Constance* was beautiful and discreet, besides other good Qualities, as playing on several Instruments of Musick, and having a sweet melodious Voice, which had gained very much upon *Zelidora*, so that she was her chief Favourite.

They sometimes walked in the Garden with *William*, whose pleasant Conversation was a great Entertainment to them both, tho' he found little Satisfaction in their Company, he coveting rather to be alone, that he might employ his Thoughts on his beloved *Gerarda*; for tho' he had never been favoured by her, his Love was so perfect, that he could never think of any other Object. *Zelidora* was wont in the Summer Nights to go down into the Garden with her Slaves, and sit by a Fountain, where *Constance* diverted her with singing.

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One of these Nights the *Moorish* Lady being very pensive, and musing how she might give her Gardener to understand that she loved him, she went away, attended only by *Constance*, to his Hovel, at the time when he having left *Laurence*, his Companion, asleep, was gone out, by reason of the great heat of that Place, and had seated himself under a spreading Orange Tree. There he gave a loose to his thoughts, contriving how he might recover his Liberty, either by way of Ransom, or making his Escape; though having a good Voice, and believing no Body had heard him, he sang an amorous Song he had himself made, naming *Gerarda*, and bewailing his absence from her. *Zelidora* could not but feel some Effects of Jealousy, nor was *Constance* free from the same, being no less in love than her Mistress, who pretending the Heat had brought her out to take the Air, made use of this Opportunity to converse with her Gardener, who little thought of such a Visit; but hearing some Noise, started up and cry'd, Who is there?

‘ One that seeks some ease from the Heat,
‘ answered *Zelidora*, and accidentally discovered in you a Perfection before unknown,
‘ which is your Skill in Musick, and by the
‘ Words you sung, that you are not so free
‘ from Love as you pretend’ The disconsolate

folate Slave was concerned to have been so
 surprized, and said, ' The same Motive, Ma-
 ' dam, that has brought you hither, prevail'd
 ' with me to seek some Repose under this
 ' Tree, and being lonesome I took the liberty
 ' to try my unskilful Voice.' I do not think
 ' it such, reply'd the Lady, for the Voice is
 ' not only good, but improved by Skill,
 ' whence I conclude that you have been
 ' taught.' I had a Master in my tender
 ' Years, rejoyned the Slave, but taking
 ' afterwards into the Army, I made no far-
 ' ther Progress.' Another sort of Passion has
 ' seiz'd your Heart, said *Zelidora*, as I per-
 ' ceive by your Words.' You mistake me,
 ' Madam, replied *William*, it was the absence
 ' from my Country I bemoaned under those
 ' Words you speak of.' It is in vain you
 ' endeavour to disguise your Passion, answer'd
 ' the Lady, for you nam'd your Mistress,
 ' and express'd what a Satisfaction it would
 ' be to you if she did but know how much
 ' you suffer for her sake. Be so complaisant as
 ' to give me some Account of your Amour, to
 ' divert me a-while.' I will do all that lies
 ' in my Power to serve, said the Slave, but
 ' in this Particular cannot comply with your
 ' Desire, because I am not under those Cir-
 ' cumstances of Love. The Song no doubt
 ' was made by some amorous Person, but I
 ' apply'd

‘ apply’d the Sense to my real Captivity’
 ‘ which is my only Affliction.’

The Lady then sat down; bidding *Constance* to leave her alone, who, being jealous that *Zelidora* had some Kindness for *William*, withdrew no farther than just to hide herself behind some Trees, where she might hear all that was spoken. When they two were left to themselves, the Lady spoke thus: ‘ Now *Constance* is gone, I am resolved
 ‘ you shall tell me what Mistress you have in
 ‘ *Spain*, for I have a particular Reason to require it.’ The *Catalonian* did not think it proper to disclose his Secret, and therefore answer’d in this manner: ‘ The Favour I
 ‘ enjoy, Madam, under your Protection, in
 ‘ being exempted from those heavy Toils
 ‘ other Slaves undergo, is a sufficient Obligation to prevail with me to conceal nothing from you; so that you may be assur’d
 ‘ that if I were under those Circumstances
 ‘ that my Song seemed to express, I should
 ‘ freely acquaint you with every Particular;
 ‘ but Love has never subdued my Heart, or
 ‘ if it had, could I expect to be favour’d by
 ‘ any Lady.’ Tell me the truth, quoth *Zelidora*.
 ‘ *dora*.’ You may give entire Credit to what
 ‘ I have said, answered he, and accordingly
 ‘ if you have any thing to impart, you may
 ‘ freely do it.’ The amorous *Zelidora* believ’d

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him,

him, and accordingly proceeded, saying,
 ' Since you assure me, *William*, that what
 ' you say is true, I cannot forbear, now we
 ' are by ourselves, acquainting you, that I
 ' have been much taken with your Person,
 ' since the first Moment I beheld you ; for
 ' tho', as is usual among Slaves, to make their
 ' Ransom the easier, you conceal your Qua-
 ' lity, I plainly perceive you are a greater
 ' Man than you give out. I am my Father's
 ' only Daughter ; for me he hoards up im-
 ' mense Wealth, which is the Cause why
 ' many of the Prime *Moors* aspire to marry
 ' me, besides my being of the Blood Royal.
 ' I like none, and am pleas'd with one thing
 ' in the Christian Religion, which is, that
 ' a Man can have but one Wife ; and were
 ' that the Custom among us, I should have
 ' been disposed of before now ; but as they
 ' are allow'd to have many Wives, I would
 ' rather never marry than bear with so many
 ' Rivals. I like you, and should be well
 ' pleas'd you would quit your Religion, and
 ' take me for your Wife ; for I know my
 ' Father loves me so well that he will ap-
 ' prove of my Choice, upon Condition that
 ' you shall have no other Wife but me.
 ' Consider how favourably Fortune smiles
 ' on you, in making so advantageous an
 ' Offer. I will not have your Answer just
 ' now,

‘ now, lest you should hereafter say it came
‘ from you by surprize.’

The Captive was amazed at *Zelidora*’s Proposal ; and it troubled him the more in regard it depriv’d him of all Hopes of being ever ransom’d. In this Confusion he stood a-while, till recovering himself by degrees, he returned this Answer : ‘ The Honour you
‘ offer me, Madam, is so great, that I should
‘ seem insensible, did it not fill me with surprize. However, tho’ you allow me more
‘ time, I rather chuse to undeceive you immediately. As for my Quality it is no
‘ more than what I have told you ; yet tho’
‘ so great an Happiness offers as the possessing
‘ of you, I must be plain that I will never
‘ forsake the Christian Religion to gain the
‘ whole World. This is my final Resolution, were I to live Ages, and to be condemned to the most miserable Servitude. These Words pierced *Zelidora* to the Heart ; however, she suppress’d her Concern, considering that the Repulse was not out of dislike to her Person, but out of zeal for his Religion, which so few Christians can be perswaded to renounce. All she said to him was this : ‘ Tho’ you have given me a
‘ short Answer, I would have you consider
‘ of it at leisure, for the Proposal I have

' made you, does not deserve to be so little
 ' regarded ; besides that, many have quitted
 ' their Religion and embraced ours upon
 ' more inconsiderable Encouragement.' I
 ' do not deny that, Madam, replied *William*,
 ' but such Men were either stupid, or else
 ' God had forsaken them, as is most likely,
 ' and therefore they renounced their Reli-
 ' gion ; but I do assure you, that as long as
 ' it shall please Heaven to preserve me in
 ' my right Wits, I shall never depart from
 ' my Faith.' With this *Zelidora* took leave
 of her Slave, in great Anguish to find him
 so resolute and constant in his Religion.
Constance, who had heard all that passed
 between them, was much surprized, as well
 at the Discovery *Zelidora* had made, as at
 the Christian's generous Resolution ; tho' she
 was sensible that he had a better Estate of
 his own at home than that the *Moore* offered
 him ; and that being a Man of such Quality
 it was nothing strange in him rather to die
 than renounce his Faith : However, she did
 not despair of succeeding herself, and so
 went away to meet her Lady in her Apart-
 ment. *Zelidora* came in very melancholy,
 and began to undress herself without speak-
 ing one Word. *Constance* well knew the
 Reason ; yet to draw something from her,
 said ; ' What has the Gardener done to dis-
 ' oblige

‘ oblige you, Madam, that you are so pen-
 ‘ sive, whereas you were very pleasant when
 ‘ you went down ?’ Ask no Questions, an-
 ‘ swered the Lady, for I wish I had died
 ‘ rather than gone down into the Garden.’
 ‘ Will you not condescend to tell me the
 ‘ Reason, replied *Constance*,’ to try whether
 she was so much in favour as to extort that
 Secret from her. ‘ Since you press me so
 ‘ home, said *Zelidora*, you must understand
 ‘ that I have had a Kindness for *William* ever
 ‘ since I saw him, and it daily increases ;
 ‘ and the more, for that I plainly perceive
 ‘ he is no mean Person. I have discovered
 ‘ my Love to him, upon Condition he will
 ‘ renounce his Religion and embrace ours.
 ‘ The first Part he seems to approve of ; but
 ‘ as for the second he declares he will never
 ‘ quit his Faith for all the Advantages the
 ‘ World can offer him.’ You will find all
 ‘ Christians of the same Mind, rejoined *Con-*
 ‘ *stance*, as being fully convinced of the
 ‘ Truth of their Religion ; and tho’ some
 ‘ have Apostatized, you must consider that
 ‘ *William* was born in a Country where the
 ‘ People are most tenacious of their Prin-
 ‘ ciples ; besides that he is a Man of a clear
 ‘ Understanding, and such are harder to be
 ‘ drawn into Error than the Ignorant.’ I do
 ‘ not for all that Despair, quoth *Zelidora*, but
 ‘ that

' that *William* may some time requite my
 ' Affection.' As a Gallant, reply'd *Constance*,
 ' perhaps he may, but you will never forfeit
 ' your Reputation so much, as to admit of
 ' him in that Capacity.' That is very true,
 ' answered *Zelidora*, but time may overcome
 ' greater Difficulties, and we have found
 ' means to oblige Slaves that are obstinate,
 ' to renounce their Faith.' All that may
 ' be, said *Constance*, the Power of Beauty is
 ' almost uncontroulable, and yours is so ex-
 ' traordinary that scarce no Man can with-
 ' stand it.' This said, *Zelidora* went to Bed,
 as did *Constance* to her's, resolving to make
 trial whether *William* could be brought to
 Love her. Nor was it long before she met
 with a proper Opportunity to sound him.
 The next Day after Dinner, she went down
 into the Garden to gather some Flowers,
 and meeting with *William* made towards him,
 who concluded she had come on some Errand
 from her Lady. After the first Salutation,
 she accosted him in this manner: ' It is in
 ' vain for you, *William*, to deny your being
 ' in Love, for I have twice heard you name
 ' your Mistress *Gerarda*, and the Songs seem
 ' to have been made to suit your Condition.'
 ' That is your Mistake, answered *William*,
 ' for those I sing are common printed Songs,
 ' and perhaps he that made them might be
 ' under

‘ under my Circumstances.’ I am willing to
 ‘ believe you, reply’d *Constance*, for as much
 ‘ as it suits best with me that you should
 ‘ be exempt from Love, for I have a Message
 ‘ to deliver to you.’ If it be from *Zelidora*,
 ‘ rejoined *William*, do not deliver it, for I
 ‘ have already answered her, that I will en-
 ‘ dure the most exquisite Torment rather than
 ‘ renounce my Religion to marry her.’ So
 ‘ far you are in the right, said *Constance*; but
 ‘ you are wide of what I design to say to
 ‘ you; which is, that I have a Message to
 ‘ deliver to you from one of my Companions,
 ‘ a Christian Slave to *Zelidora*, who is much
 ‘ in love with you, and desires you will
 ‘ meet her in some private Place, where she
 ‘ may tell you more of her Mind.’ I wish,
 ‘ answered *William*, you had forbore inter-
 ‘ posing for that Slave; my troubles are so
 ‘ great, that I can think of nothing else, and
 ‘ am therefore altogether unfit for amorous
 ‘ Intrigues, tho’ I thank her for her Kind-
 ‘ ness.’ I should be very sorry, replied
 ‘ *Constance*, to carry her such a scornful An-
 ‘ swer, which her Affection does not deserve.
 ‘ You are not the first that has fallen into
 ‘ Captivity, and I am ashamed that being
 ‘ my Countryman your Courage should fail
 ‘ you, especially considering that you do not
 ‘ fare as hard as many others. Chear up, and
 ‘ let

' let it not be said that a *Spaniard* sinks under
 ' his Misfortunes; for even we Women be-
 ' have ourselves with more Resolution than
 ' you do. Now to clear up the Matter, I
 ' am myself the Person I have spoke of; be
 ' not therefore ungrateful to my Love, for
 ' being so much in favour with *Zelidora*, it
 ' may be in my Power to do you Service.'

William was much concerned at the Confi-
 dence *Constance* had shewn him in acquaint-
 ing him with her Passion, and accordingly
 endeavoured to divert her with these Words:

' It is not in my Power, *Constance*, to bestow
 ' my Affection on any Body; for, tho' I
 ' have hitherto deny'd it, I have left one in
 ' *Spain* whom I can never forget. It is more
 ' honourable to deal plainly with you than
 ' otherwise; and since it is impossible for me
 ' to love you, rest satisfied, and be assured I
 ' will do you all the Service that shall be in
 ' my Power.' Now I have gone through the
 ' Shame of making such a Discovery, replied
 ' *Constance*, you will do well to consider it
 ' may be in my Way to shew myself your
 ' Enemy, if you continue so ungrateful.'

William nevertheless again solemnly de-
 clared that he could never love her, for
 the Reason he had before urged; nor did the
 flight so much provoke her, as the conceit
 that he had some Kindness for *Zelidora*,
 however,

however, she resolved to make another trial of him, which still proved no more successful than the former. This Disappointment incensed her so highly, that having one Day made use of all sorts of Allurements to gain him, she had the Confidence to express her self in these Words: ‘ I did not flatter my
 ‘ self that you should requite my Love by
 ‘ making me your Wife, but only that you
 ‘ would have made some grateful return,
 ‘ which would have no way derogated from
 ‘ your Birth; for I am not so contemptible
 ‘ but that many have courted me. To be
 ‘ kind to a Woman that loves is not below
 ‘ any Gentleman, though he were the very
 ‘ Marshal of *Catalonia*, where I was born.
 ‘ Your scornful Behaviour has so far provoked me, that I shall not fail acquainting
 ‘ my Lady who you are, which will prevent
 ‘ your gaining your Liberty; for tho’ I know
 ‘ you are wealthy enough to pay your Ransom, the Love of a *Moorish* Lady will
 ‘ obstruct it; and I will perswade her to it
 ‘ as far as shall be in my Power.’ This said, she withdrew, leaving him much cast down at the Thoughts that he should be known in that Place; and tho’ he endeavoured to call her back, she would not be prevailed on to return.

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His

His Apprehensions were not ill grounded; for *Constance* perceiving that *Zelidora's* Heart was fixed upon him, in Revenge told her who he was, which was adding Fuel to the Fire, being told he was a Man of such Quality. Being sensible how tenderly she was beloved by her Father, she took the liberty to discover her Passion to him, and the Quality of their Slave. He desiring nothing more than to make his Daughter happy, gave his Consent that she should endeavour to gain him by fair Means, and in case that did not prevail to make use of Threats, and even to put them in execution, which had prevailed with many to renounce their Faith. It was needless to inculcate his Advice; she well knew how to apply it, and accordingly went about to persuade her Slave to comply from that very Day, till finding him not to be mov'd, the first Piece of Cruelty she exercised was the branding of him in the Forehead as a Slave, which went to his very Heart, looking upon all the ill that befel him to be occasioned by *Constance*; nor was he deceived, for the branding of him on the Face was her Contrivance; whereupon he resolved to make himself known to his Master, to the End that he might use him the better, as expecting a considerable Ransom for a Man of such high Quality. *Muley,*
under-

understanding that his Daughter was in love with him, had no such thoughts; and accordingly told him, that he was not his Slave but his Daughter's, and therefore all he had to do was to please and oblige her. This reduced the Marshal to a State of Despair; but still he resolutely withstood all his Lady's Allurements; whereupon *Constance* advised her to put him to hard Labour, notwithstanding he had made himself known to her Father. That *Moor* was then building a stately Country House, about which Work not only his own but many Slaves of his Friends were employed. The Marshal was sent thither, and kept to the most painful Employments, which he endeavoured to perform with wonderful Patience. During this time *Zelidora* was wont every Evening to repair thither to endeavour to perswade him to comply with her Desires, but all in vain. In this Condition he continued above a Year and an half, always exposed to the greatest Fatigues; so that his Complexion and his Face were quite altered. Perceiving that *Zelidora's* Importunity never ceased, and that of Consequence there was no expectation of his being ever ransomed, he resolved to attempt some Way to make his escape.

From the time that *Zelidora* had began to persecute the Marshal, he had been every

Night shut up among the other Slaves, in one of those Places they have for that Purpose, which they call Baths; and though that Severity was not practised towards the others, yet he was strongly fettered, only to compel him to renounce his Religion. The Marshal concerted with the rest of the Captives the Method how they might make their Escape. This was not to be effected without some Vessel to carry them off by Sea, and therefore they waited for a proper Opportunity to surprize one fit for their turn. It was not long before a Brigantine came to an Anchor in a convenient Place. Then the Marshal ordered the Slaves every Night to take their Turns at Work to dig out some Stones of the Wall to make them a Passage. This Work was dexterously carried on unperceived, till brought to such Perfection that a very little Force would remove the Stones. The Slaves had also taken care of Provisions and all other Necessaries for their Voyage. The Night whereon they were to put their Design in execution being come, *Muley's* Slaves, being above two Hundred in Number, gave out that it was the Eve of a great Christian Festival, for which Reason they provided Drums, and other noisy Instruments, that they might not be taken notice of whilst they were knocking off the

the Marshal's Chain, which at length they compassed. Then they removed the Stones they had before loosened in the Wall, making an Hole wide enough to get out at. When all things were thus ready, after Midnight, the Noise ceased, and they all rushed out with such Weapons and Provisions as they had; then making directly towards the Shore, where the Brigantine lay, as drawing little Water, and the Men in her fast asleep, nothing apprehending to be so surprized, they easily possessed themselves of it, and spreading their Sails, directed their Course for *Barcelona*, where they happily arrived in a few Days, without any cross Accident.

There was great rejoycing at *Barcelona* upon the safe Arrival of those Captives, and much more there would have been, had they known that the Marshal was one of them; for having heard no News of him in so long a time, it was universally concluded that he had been cast away at Sea. A Brother of his was then soliciting to be put into Possession of his Estate, which would have been granted, had not some Friends of the Marshal interpos'd, and demanded a longer respite. The Marshal, when he made his escape, had prevailed with those few Persons that knew him, to conceal the same upon
their

their arrival at *Barcelona*, resolving before he was known to repair to *Valencia*, to enquire how Matters stood with his beloved *Gerarda*. Accordingly, he took along with him none but that *Laurence*, who, as has been said, was his Companion, whilst he had been employed as a Gardener at *Algier*. *Laurence* was to be Master, and the Marshal to act his Slave. At *Valencia* he soon met with one *Felicianus*, who had been formerly his Servant, to whom he discovered himself in private, and that his Design was to be sold as a Slave to the Marquis of *Guadalest*, to the end he might by that means have the freer access to his admired *Gerarda*. *Felicianus* was amazed at that unaccountable Project, but promised to keep the Secret, and to serve him to the utmost. In order to carry on this Design, the Marshal went with *Laurence* to the Market-Place, where he was exposed to Sale, and several bid Money for him, yet none came up to the Price, till *Felicianus* having acquainted the Marquis of *Guadalest* that such a Slave was to be sold, he put for him, who seeing him so much resemble his lost Friend, the Marshal, and that he was so graceful a Person, having asked his Name, which he said was *William*, bought him at any rate, appointing that he should wait on him in his Chamber. The Money
he

he was sold for carryed *Laurence* home at his ease to the City of *Seville*, where he had been born.

As soon as the Marquis had made the Purchase of the Marshal, he carried him to his Sister, telling her, that besides the Service he was to do him, he might carry her in her Chair, with another Slave she had before. *Gerarda* fixing her Eyes on him, and easily perceiving how like the Marshal he was, as being the same, declared she had such an Antipathy towards him, that he should never carry her. The Marquis was sensible of the Reason of her Aversion, and answered, He would keep him for his own Service. The amorous Marshal could not but be much concerned at *Gerarda's* Expressions; however, all he said was this: 'I am very sorry, Madam, that I came into this House in so unfortunate an Hour, as that the very Sight of me should be offensive to the principal Person in it, without having been guilty of any thing to deserve it.' The Fault is not your's but Nature's, for having given you Face. Do you attend my Brother; and as if you say, you would endeavour to oblige me, be sure to come into my Sight as seldom as may be, for that will be most pleasing to me.' This said, she turned away into another Room in a disdainful manner.

But

But the Marquis and his Slave well understood from whence this proceeded; and it grieved the latter to the Heart to find her so constant to her deceased Lover. However *William*, for so we must call him, from that time was so diligent in the Service of his Master, that he gained his Affection, who accordingly favoured him very much. *Felicianus* before-mentioned, being Steward to the Marquis, and accordingly governing the Family, *William* was always underhand made much of, lest the Servants should take notice of so much Favour shewn to a Slave. *William* was wont to wait on the Marquis abroad at Night, for he, being young, sometimes kept late Hours, and happening to be in some Rencounters his Slave stood bravely by him, which gained him the more Favour.

It is the Custom at *Valencia*, on *Midsummer* Day, for all the Ladies to take the Air in their Coaches, in a Place called *el Grao*, on the Sea-shore, after the manner of our Ring in *Hyde-Park*. *Gerarda* was there, with some of her Friends, in her Brother's Coach. It happened that the *Flanders* Mares, which drew her, on a sudden took a Fright, and running into the Sea, overthrew her in the Water. All the Company was alarmed, and many Men ran on to gaze, but the only Person that threw himself into the Water was *William*,

liam, who also happened to be present, and regarding no Danger, took her up out of the Coach in his Arms, and so carried her to a Cottage belonging to some Fishermen, which stood near the Shore. The other Ladies were afterwards saved by their Friends. The Marquis hastening to the Cottage found his Sister still senseless, and in that manner had her carried to a wealthy Citizen's Country house close by, where she was laid in a good Bed by other Ladies, and at length came to herself. As soon as recovered, she was informed by her Brother and Friends of the Danger she had been in, all of them extolling the Merits of the Slave, who had hazarded himself so much to rescue her. The Marquis had resolved in consideration of this Service to give his Liberty; but thought that should rather be done by his Sister; and in order to it, when they were returned to *Valencia*, and her Fright well over, he acquainted her with the same, and advised she would return her Thanks to the Slave for his Fidelity, and promise him his Freedom at the Year's End. She, on the other hand knitting her Brow, and putting on a scornful Look, answered, that the Slave had done no more than his Duty, for which she did not design to return him any Thanks; but if the Marquis did think fit to discharge him she should be well pleased,

for it was likely he would not come into her Sight, than which she could desire no greater Satisfaction, as having a mortal Aversion for him. The Marquis was so highly provoked at her Words, that to avoid letting fall some disagreeable Expression, turned away in a passionate manner, and withdrew to his own Apartment. There he called *William* to him, and after having signified how well pleased he was with his Service in general, and particularly how much he valued him for his last Generosity in saving his Sister, at his own manifest Peril, declared he was at liberty to dispose of himself as he should think fit, either to stay and serve him still as a free Servant for Wages, or to take whatsoever other Course he should like best. *William* not only returned Thanks in the most obliging manner, but protested he would, if admitted, live and die in his Service. The Marquis could not forbear embracing, and at the same time declaring him one of his Gentlemen to attend him in his Bedchamber; but he could not be reconciled to his Sister for her Ingratitude, being sensible that it was grounded only on his resembling the Marshal, which she did not stick to own.

Nor was this unknown to *William*, but his greatest Affliction; and yet still he studied all means to oblige her, towards which another

ther Opportunity soon offered; for *Gerarda* going to divert herself in a Country-Seat of her Brother's, where he made a splendid Entertainment for her Friends, through some neglect among the Servants, the House took fire in the Night, and burnt directly upon the Ladies Apartment, so that they knew not which way to run from, and in that Distress nothing was heard but Shrieks and Lamentations. *William* observing the inevitable Danger his Lady was in, without the least hesitation, rushed through the very Flames, and brought her out in his Arms, and returning again helped the other Ladies down by a Window, the Fire then pressing too hard behind. All Persons applauded his Generosity, and among them none more than the Marquis, only *Gerarda* still persisted in her Malice and Ingratitude, to such a Degree, that if he happened to be in the way where she was to pass, she would send him Orders to be gone, and rather neglect the most important Affairs than consent that he should have any hand in them.

So implacable was her hatred, that the saving of her Life twice had not the least Effect on her, and yet Heaven appointed he should perform the same a third time, with no better Success. The Marquis's House being very ancient, and a violent Storm rising,

it threw down one of the Turrets of the same which was directly over *Gerarda's* Chamber, where she was then sitting with her Maids. The fall of the Turret beat down the Roof of the Room, so that they all lay buried in the Rubbish; yet *Gerarda* had the good Fortune, that a Rafter leaving an hollow space under it, preserved her Life. *William* immediately was at the Place, where after several trials in vain, he at last cleared a Passage to come at his Lady, tho' with imminent Danger of his own Life, had any Part of those Ruins, which hung most unaccountably, given way. Finding *Gerarda* quite beside herself with the Fright, he conveyed her to the Marquis's Bedchamber, where he laid her down. The Marquis, who was then abroad, coming home, thought he could never sufficiently express his Acknowledgment to his Servant, or represent the Obligation too feelingly to his Sister, who on her part persisting in her Obstinacy, made him no other Answer than this: 'That if he thought his Servant
' had deserved any thing, he might reward him
' himself.' *William* being informed of her Cruelty, waited his Opportunity, till she happened to be quite alone, when coming into her Chamber, she severely reprov'd him for presuming to come thither without her leave; to which he replied to this Effect: 'Madam, being sensible that you bear a mortal hatred, I design
' this

' this shall be the last time I will ever appear
 ' before you. Your Aversion, I am well satis-
 ' fied is not grounded on any Demerits of
 ' mine, but on my resembling the Marshal,
 ' who in a just Quarrel killed the Person you
 ' had pitched upon for an Husband, tho' against
 ' your Brother's Inclination. You are obliged
 ' to me for having saved your Life three sever-
 ' al times, with as much Affection as if I had
 ' been the very Marshal, who I understand
 ' loved you more entirely than the other you
 ' had made choice of. I do not wonder you
 ' should have so great an Aversion for a poor
 ' Slave that resembles him, since he being of
 ' such high Quality could not obtain the least
 ' modest Favour, tho' he sued for it in the
 ' most honourable manner. I am resolved to
 ' fly to some Place, where I may never more
 ' be heard of, to avoid putting others in mind
 ' that you are the most ungrateful Woman in
 ' the Universe. However, that you may not
 ' be ignorant who it is that has been your Ser-
 ' vant, know that I am *Don Garceran de Car-*
 ' *dona*, Marshal of Catalonia, whom you so
 ' much hate. I fled from you on Account of
 ' the Marquis's Death, and was a Slave in
 ' *Algier*, where my many Sufferings never
 ' lessened the Love I bore you. I hazarded my
 ' Life in making my escape, only to return
 ' to your Presence; and to crown all the rest
 ' of my Actions, caused myself to be sold a

‘ Slave to your Brother, solely for the Satis-
 ‘ faction of serving you. What I have since
 ‘ done is well known to you; and tho’ I have
 ‘ so often exposed my Life, all has been slighted
 ‘ by you, to the great Astonishment of all this
 ‘ City. Thus I shall leave you, fully satisfy’d
 ‘ that the World cannot afford another Mon-
 ‘ ster of Ingratitude equal to yourself. Fare-
 ‘ well, for I believe I shall not long survive
 ‘ the trouble that is upon me.’ This said, he
 turned away, full of Anguish, leaving her in
 a wonderful Consternation. The Marquis met
 him going out of the Room, and perceiving
 the great Disorder he was in, enquired what
 was the Occasion of it. ‘The Marshal’s Heart
 was so full, that he could not utter one Word
 in answer to him; by which the Marquis ea-
 sily guessed it must be something very extra-
 ordinary that had such an Effect on a Person
 of his undaunted Spirit; for which reason he
 led him by the Hand into his own Apart-
 ment, and being by themselves spoke thus to
 him. ‘I am much surprized, *William*, to find
 ‘ you in this perplexity, coming out of my
 ‘ Sister’s Lodgings, and desire you will inform
 ‘ me what has been the Occasion, and whe-
 ‘ ther *Gerarda* is in the fault, for I have so
 ‘ great a Value for you, that it would give
 ‘ me much Uneasiness, if her ill usage were
 ‘ troublesome to you in my Service. I know
 ‘ her Disposition, that she is stern and scorn-
 ‘ ful,

ful, and shall not fail to reprove her, if she
 persists to set no Value on the Services you
 have done her. This is the Reason why I
 examine you, therefore do not conceal the
 Truth from me.'

William knew not what to answer him ;
 for should he discover himself to him as he
 had done to her, still it was in vain, when
 she had declared her Aversion, to expect she
 should love him against her Inclination ;
 whereupon he had resolved never to see her
 more, since she was so perverse and ungrate-
 ful, and accordingly all he said to the Mar-
 quis was, ' That having attempted to go
 take his leave of her, upon finding how
 hateful he was to her, he had been denied
 Admittance, and was therefore resolved to
 remove to some Place where his Service
 might be more acceptable.' The Marquis
 was not satisfied with his Answer, believing
 there was something more in that Affair ;
 therefore shutting him up in his Chamber,
 went to enquire farther of *Gerarda*. *William*
 would have been better pleased if the Mar-
 quis had not been resolved to dive farther in-
 to the Matter ; but there being no Remedy
 he was obliged to wait the result of their In-
 terview. The Marquis went directly to his
 Sister, and said to her, ' I met *William* going
 out of your Apartment in such an Agony,
 that the Tears stood in his Eyes, which

‘ obliges me to come to you to know what has
 ‘ happened betwixt you; I beg you to tell
 ‘ me the whole truth.’ *Gerarda* concluding
 that he knew no more than what he hinted
 at, and accordingly shewing much Resent-
 ment, saying, ‘ That Slave came into my
 ‘ Chamber when I was in Bed, and I was very
 ‘ angry at his Impudence. I know not what
 ‘ he designed to say, for my Passion was so
 ‘ much provoked, that I gave him no time to
 ‘ explain himself; so that being severely re-
 ‘ proved, he went out as he came, and that
 ‘ was it perhaps that fretted him; a just Re-
 ‘ ward for his Insolence. If you have any
 ‘ Kindness for me, I beg you will immediate-
 ‘ ly turn him out of Doors, for I hate him
 ‘ mortally. It is true, I owe him my Life,
 ‘ yet cannot thank him for it; you may be-
 ‘ stow some Reward and turn him off.’ The
 Marquis was amazed at his Sister’s ill Nature,
 and therefore replied. ‘ I could not imagine
 ‘ that any Person so nobly born could be guilty
 ‘ of such vile Actions. Had this Man killed
 ‘ me, and then thrice have saved your Life,
 ‘ it would have been an ample Satisfaction;
 ‘ whereas all his Offence is his being like the
 ‘ dearest Friend I had, who killed the Person
 ‘ you had made choice of for your Husband,
 ‘ tho’ he deserved it, as being the Aversion
 ‘ of all this City. His Pride made him ill
 ‘ beloved, and I could wish he were alive,
 ‘ that

' that you might marry him, for by his Be-
 ' haviour I am perswaded that you would be
 ' the most unhappy Woman on the Earth.
 ' He attempted to murder the Marshal, and
 ' received the Reward he deserved. *William*
 ' shall live in my House, tho' it fret you to
 ' the Heart; for if you have no regard to
 ' your Reputation, I will not sacrifice mine,
 ' giving the World an Occasion to observe that
 ' I turn away a Servant, whom I am obliged
 ' in Honour to reward for his good Service.
 ' This is my Resolution; if you are displeased
 ' make the best of it, for so it shall be.' These
 Words blew up the Coals of *Gerarda's* Passion,
 who thereupon in a Rage, said; ' That Fel-
 ' low, presuming on his likeness, has assured
 ' me that he is the Marshal, and that he came
 ' to serve me as a Slave for the love of you.
 ' Do you judge, whether I ought not to be shy
 ' of an Impostor, that invents such a Story.'
 The Marquis was surprized at what she said,
 and reply'd; ' Since he said it, there is no
 ' doubt but that he has some reason for it.' I
 ' know of none, said she; but tho' what he
 ' says were true, I so little value what he has
 ' done for my sake, that I'll rather be ac-
 ' counted the most ungrateful of Women,
 ' than make him the least return.' The Mar-
 quis rather than answer her as she deserved,
 turned short, and went away to *William*, whom
 he acquainted with what had passed between
 hi-

his Sister and himself. *Gerarda's* Malice pierced the amorous Marshal's Heart ; and having paused a little, he could no longer refrain delivering himself to this Effect: ' Most
 ' worthy Marquis, I cannot deny but that I
 ' am the Marshal of *Catalonia*, your particular Friend ; the Alteration you see in my
 ' Complexion, and the Brand on my Face,
 ' are the Effects of my Captivity, wherein I
 ' suffered much for my Faith, and yet never
 ' declined in my Affection for your Sister.
 ' Having made my escape I contrived to serve
 ' you as a Slave, in order to oblige *Gerarda*,
 ' being afraid to be known by reason of the
 ' Marquis's Death. Some natural antipathy,
 ' it is likely, renders her averse to me, so
 ' that I must submit, and beg you will give
 ' me leave to return to my own Country,
 ' where I design to lead a single Life, and
 ' leave my Estate to my Brother.' Having
 so said, for a Confirmation of the truth thereof, he told the Marquis some private Passages that had been between them, when he was before in *Valencia*. It is impossible to express the Marquis's Joy upon finding a Friend he had so great a Value for, whom he had given over for dead ; and after repeated Embraces he said to him ; ' My Sister, like a positive
 ' and senseless Woman, has not regarded your
 ' Worth ; but I will take upon me to requite
 ' her Ingratitude ; in order to which I will
 ' now

' now put that in execution, which I con-
 ' trived during your Absence, which if you
 ' will not consent to you will forfeit my
 ' Friendship for ever: The late Marquis,
 ' your Adversary, has a most beautiful Sister,
 ' excellently qualified; I had proposed that
 ' you should marry her, to reconcile the two
 ' Families. I will now bring this to Perfec-
 ' tion, leave it to me, for you shall not depart
 ' *Valencia* without a Wife that will love and
 ' honour you. Do not offer to oppose it; this
 ' must be; and as for *Gerarda*, she shall never
 ' marry whilst I live, but be glad to go into
 ' a Monastery.' The Marshal had nothing to
 object against the Marquis's Proposal; for
 her Pride and Ingratitude had changed his
 Love into Dislike, or rather Aversion. He
 kept close in the House, whilst the Marquis
 treated with his Adversaries about his marry-
 ing *Luciana*, Sister to the dead Marquis, and
 the Match being advantageous all Things
 were soon concluded. The Vice-Roy was ac-
 quainted with the Contract, and thereupon a
 Pardon easily obtained, both Parties soliciting
 for it. When *Gerarda* was informed of this
 Match it grieved her to the Heart, and much
 more when she understood that the Wedding
 was celebrated, at which there was extraor-
 dinary rejoycing, Entertainments, Balls,
 Musick, and all other Diversions. *Gerarda* was
 at none of them, being much ashamed of the
 ill

ill Character she had gained, and to hear how much the Marshal was applauded. The End of it was, that an ancient Kinswoman of hers having at a Visit she made reproved her for her vile Ingratitude, she took it so to Heart, that she soon fell into fainting Fits. The Physicians being called at the first Sight concluded her Distemper mortal, as it proved, for no Medicines being of force to remove the Malignity, it carried her off in a very few Days, altogether unlamented by reason of her ill Nature. The Marshal carried his Wife into *Catalonia*, where they both lived very happily many Years.

F I N I S.

